

DEATH OF
Admiral Benbow.

The Brother Tars Song.

Come all you sailors bold
Lend an ear, lend an ear;
Come all you sailors bold lend an ear:
'Tis of our admiral's fame,
Brave Benbow call'd by name;
How he fought on the main
You shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail
For to fight, for to fight;
Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight:
Brave Benbow he set sail
With a fine and pleasant gale,
But his captains they turn'd tail
In a fright, in a fright.

Says Kirby unto Wade
I will run, I will run;
Says Kirby unto Wade I will run:
I value not disgrace,
Nor the losing of my place,
My enemies I'll not face
With a gun, with a gun.

'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark
Fought the French, fought the French;
'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark fought the French:
And there was ten in all,
Poor souls they fought them all,
They valued them not at all,
Nor their noise, nor their noise.

It was our admiral's lot,
With a chain-shot, with a chain-shot;
It was our admiral's lot, with a chain-shot:
Our admiral lost his legs,
And to his men he begs,
Fight on, my boys, he says,
'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,
Thus he said, thus he said;
While the surgeon dress'd his wounds, thus he said:
Let my cradle now in haste
On the the Quarter Deck be plac'd,
That my enemies I may face
'Til I'm dead, 'til I'm dead.

And, there bold Benbow lay
Crying out, crying out;
And, there bold Benbow lay crying out:
Let us tack about once more,
We'll drive them to their own shore,
I value not half a score,
Nor their noise, nor their noise.